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THE
AGE OF GOLD,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
GEORGE LUNT.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

MDCCCXLIII.

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THE AGE OF GOLD.

FLING, fling the wayside seed, —
Give it a firm God-speed, —
What though more tempting plantage round it shoot?
Thy hope hath reached its goal,
If one wayfaring soul
Pluck healing virtue with the wholesome fruit.

OLD VERSES.

THE AGE OF GOLD.¹

BOOK I.

Auri sacra fames.

VIRG.

“Some walk in Honor’s gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.”

IN ancient days, when Truth’s clear river rolled
Through ever-living meads, o’er sands of gold ;
Ere Nature frowned, as fraud and force began
To break the ties that fasten man to man ;
But a just parent, to her offspring kind,
Her equal gifts with liberal hand assigned,

And flower and fruit spontaneous sprang to birth,
In rich luxuriance, from the lap of earth ;
No thirst of gain unfurled the snowy sail,
Nor foreign gold profaned the peaceful vale ;
But boundless plenty heaped an unbought pile,
And freedom beamed with one perpetual smile ;
While the calm year in tranquil course flowed by,
And spring eternal crowned the generous sky.

In that sweet season of delicious prime,
Declining Nature's young, romantic time,
From manhood's open front and glorious eye
Immortal shone the impress of the sky ;
With equal flame each kindred bosom glowed,
Nor this one reaped what that with toil had
sowed ;

But soft as seraphs' wings in concert move,
Time's gentle pinions lapped the world in love !

Pure fable this, the wise, perchance, exclaim, —
The bootless record of an idle fame !

Yet taught by thee, eternal muse, to sit,
With patient faith, at old tradition's feet,
We linger fondly o'er the Arcadian dream,
Nor wholly false that lovely story deem ;
'Mid doubts that here the truth has little part,
We fold the dear delusion to the heart ;
Turn from a hollow age, well pleased to see
The things that seem more like the things that
 be,
Hail the fond hope, when life's wild cares
 annoy,
And bless those days of innocence and joy.

And as from some sweet fount, whose waters
 flow
Less and less pure when mixed with all below,
We wishful catch, beyond Time's turbid wave,
Those magic hues which early fancy gave ;
Scarce real deem, perchance more dimly seen,
Through many a cloud and storm that intervene,

Yet turn and turn again our backward view,
And long to find the soft illusion true ;
Gaze o'er the tinted scene's entrancing dyes,
The pastoral landscape, and the sunnier skies,
The primal freshness of earth's flowery sod,
Just waked to beauty by the breath of God,
That sweetest theme by poet ever sung,
Fit to persuade or mould the tuneful tongue,
While many a living line and pictured page
Stamp the bright era as the GOLDEN AGE !

From thoughts like these we wake — the jost-
ling strife
Of eager thousands startles us to life !
The dream dissolves — the lovely vision flies —
No marvel doubts should veil our clouded eyes ;
The Golden Age ! alas, let truth be told,
The age we live in is the AGE OF GOLD !
Slaves to the sordid and relentless dust,
Mammon our idol, gathered ore our trust,

Not in the crowded mart or busy quay,
Where Traffic's sons hold undisputed sway, —
Not there alone the mighty passion rules
The heads of wise men and the hearts of fools,
But, spreading broadly through the general mind,
Infects the race, and desecrates mankind.

The times have been, when blessed with buoy-
ant health,
That boon more precious than exhaustless
wealth,

The hardy yeoman, on his furrowed plain
With annual stores imbrowned of waving grain,
Met the new day with cheerful splendors dressed,
There saw him sink behind the glowing west,
Beneath the harvest moon brought home his
store,

Welcomed his ruddy children at the door,
Well pleased the busy housewife's care to see,
Took each bright urchin on th' accustomed knee,

Smiled round his home unchanged by fashion's
art,

And ate his frugal meal with thankful heart.

Content with little, all life's wants supplied,
Pleased with enough, and happy without pride,
Taught the great lesson, Nature's noble plan,
That something more than riches makes the man,
Left to their gilded plagues th' unenvied great,
And brought up men who well sustained the
state.

But now too oft with baser passions filled,
And loth to till the fields his fathers tilled,
Contending hopes and fears assail his breast,
Unnerve his frame, and rob his soul of rest.

What anxious demon ploughs his aching brow,
His haggard eye and pallid cheek avow ;
Some fatal moment tempts him to admire
Fields not his own, or prompts to ape the 'squire ;
Acres to acres adds, but sighs for more,
Till now, like Nabal grown, he robs the poor ;

And, conscience lost, but still on gain intent,
Risks more than all, to win some *cent per cent*,
Till the burst bubble swallows up the whole, —
A broken fortune and a ruined soul !

Nor this the worst ; go, follow him who strays
Through crowded streets, along the world's
broadways,
Where gilded vice pursues his daily race,
And conscious fraud scarce hides her blushless
face ;
Where bankrupt merchants shine with hoarded
gains,
And smile at honest men for lack of brains,
And wiser grown, now modern codes prevail,
No longer point the pistol, when they " fail,"
While broken honor, flushed with new-fledged
hope,
Presents no potion and suggests no rope.

Let not the modest muse, indignant grown,
Teach the lax morals she would fain disown ;
Not hers, I ween, the poisoned bowl to reach,
Or counsel sin to grace a flower of speech ;
From nobler springs her inspirations rise,
Those winged words that sounding reach the
wise,²

Be these her arrowy shafts ; so taught to deem
Man's mighty stake above the world's vain
dream ;

Scorns the mean trappings of the gilded slave,
But counts it weakness to be madly brave ;
Folly to faint, though every hope be crossed,
Or die like Cato for a world well lost.

Traditions tell of days, when sober trade
With competence a life of toil repaid,
Spread honest comforts round declining age, —
Wealth's fruits pursued with no insensate rage ;

The wise king's wisdom yet made some pretence,
Men slowly gained but kept their innocence !³
'T was then, in times more honest if more rude,
When the proud merchant made his credit good,
Or, dreading "failure," felt as one might feel,
Doomed to the rack or stretched upon the
wheel ;

With manful struggles strove to keep his ground,
Held his firm step on fortune's giddy round,
Thought o'er the widow's sighs, the orphan's
tears,

The poor man's curse, the weary waste of years,
The all of ruin, and the worse than death,
Once the grim train that followed unkept faith,
When plighted honor was a steadfast thing,
And every broken word a scorpion-sting.

But if arrive it must the fatal hour,
Bankrupt in cash, and credit lost its power,
As when some portent shadowing future ill,
Sinks on the gazer's heart with sudden chill,

His wondering neighbors heard the tidings
dread,

Serious and sad, as if the man were dead !

The rumor ran where crowds collected meet,
Even eager children cried it through the street,
And gathering throngs beheld the "sign" come
down,

Spread the strange news, and fired the startled
town !

While he, with aching heart, and brow of gloom,
Unseen on 'Change, kept garrison at home ;
To shame, to safety paid their just regard,
His portal bolted and his shutters barred ;
Sure that with interest deep his friends would
call,

Conceived it best to treat behind the wall ;
Paid or compounded "in a bondman's key,"
And gained at length a tardy liberty ;
Yes, paid perchance each coin of borrowed pelf,
And left no man a beggar but himself.

But now, alas, the world so selfish grown,
Men boldly count their neighbors' wealth their
own ;

So false life's sober theory may seem,
When only gold inspires ambition's dream !

And the wild schemer of a reckless age,

The modern alchymist, no more a sage,

Holds it impossible, by codes in vogue,

That any monied man should be a rogue,

The Roman's cutting maxim leaves half told,

Clips off the *honest clause*, and says, " get gold ! "

And quite forgot the nobler thoughts that urge

Man's deeper soul beyond creation's verge,

Prompt the proud impulse, wake the generous
strife,

Give statesmen honor and the hero life,

Spring to the patriot's lips with fervid glow,

Exalt the high and elevate the low,

In pealing strains attest the living lyre,

And stir the slumbering soul's unquenched
desire, —

Such as could raise the mind and swell the
heart

To Nature's dignity, above all art,
When laurels graced the hero's humble door,
And honest statesmen nobly dared be poor,
Some old Fabricius of Rome's better days,
Some elder Adams worth a Spartan's praise ;—
Till blank creation darkens round the view,
Nor hope's enchanting aspect brightens through
Life's sober sin and all that chills the page
Of a cold, cautious, calculating age.

Nor deem it strange the ethereal muse should
hold

Her treasures richer than insensate gold,
Though the recorded annals of old time
Tell of bright guerdon for the sounding rhyme ;
For praises are the poet's best rewards,
No gold can pay him for the golden words,

Coined in his fiery heart in silence deep,
Alone amid a weary world asleep.
And from the hour when strains immortal rung,
Like volumed flame, from Miriam's burning
tongue,
Triumphant rode the pinions of the breeze,
And mingled madly with the wailing seas,
Till now that blushes half suffuse her face,
When misnamed common-sense usurps her
place, —
The lofty muse, to reason's dictates just,
Sworn to the truth, and faithful to her trust,
Secure in all that makes even weakness bold,
Too proud to fear, too honest to be sold,
Has piled up thunders on th' eternal page,
To blast the vices of a sinking age ;
But chief of all, that meanest vice that springs
In beggars' bosoms and the breasts of kings,
Bows the whole soul before a brutal clod,
And holds the slavish idol for its god !

So pealed the song, where Scio's crowning isle
Beams like a gem to meet the Ægean smile,
Home of the fiery-hearted blind old bard,
Shrine of his deathless glory and reward ;
So swelled it still, like some bold anthem tone
Through sounding aisles beneath the vaulted
stone,

'Mid England's rosy bowers, when all unveiled
His mental eye, whose daring vision scaled
Th' empyreal heights and gloomy towers of hell,
The least erected spirit saw that fell, —
Mammon his name, who, 'mid celestial throngs,
And hosts that filled all Heaven with choral
songs,

Still downward bending gazed, admiring more
The trodden gold of Heaven's eternal floor.

Thus runs the world away ; well holy Paul
Root of all evil love of gold might call !
His precept just, to no one age confined,
The grovelling passion marks our human kind.

No doubt that grasping avarice stalked through
blood

To heap up riches long before the flood ;
Just like to-day, though manners shift the scene,
In heart the same, but with an altered mien.

The times are gone, when spurs set on the board
Gave the rough hint to drive a neighbor's herd ;
Borderers no more their knightly swords may
draw,

But get their prudent plunder by the law.
The fashions change, but doubts may well arise
If men have grown more honest or more wise,
And fears may come for his access of grace
Who still cheats on, but with a solemn face.

Oh blest content ! source of eternal health !
Where without thee were all the poor man's
wealth !

When worn with daily toil he homeward hies
To catch his welcome from love's waiting eyes,

Such trusting love as cheers the poor man's
home,

While doubt and hatred mock the lordly dome ;
What though for him shine no pernicious hoard,
Nor gilded goblets deck his sober board,
His low-roofed dwelling pays with many a smile
The patient sufferance of his homely toil,
While health unbought still crowns his frugal
cheer,

Untroubled slumbers and a conscience clear.
Racked by no fancied ills, more hard to cure,
Than real pangs which manhood dares endure,
Unvext by cares which circle either Ind,
Rest on the treacherous seas and court the
wind, —

He far beholds ambition's minions hurled
On shifting gales across a troubled world ;
Secure in honest comfort, dearer far
Than the stained spoils of fortune's giddy war ;
No glittering cheat allures his soul to roam,
His pleasures innocent, his heart at home,

On time's great purpose looks with steadfast eye,
Lives for life's end, and oh, prepares to die !

Hark, from the tangled wild-wood's secret shade,
Where scarce the lurking savage ever strayed,
Lo, Nature's old primeval silence broke,
While forests bend beneath the woodman's
stroke !

With manly strength the ringing steel he throws,
And sharp tongued echoes speak his sturdy
blows,

Nor stays his hand till wonted mists prevail,
And dewy evening flings her shadowy veil ;
Then glances round th' unpeopled solitude,
The breathless forest and the rolling flood,
And seeks his log-built hut, whose rugged form
Just shields the blast and shelters from the
storm ;

Finds home still there, and home's unfailing
smile

Renew his heart and brighten all his toil.

Round his rude dwelling blooms no garden fair,
With flowery breath to scent the evening air ;
Nor here, alas, man's nicer art has been,
But sights unsightly mark the dismal scene ;
Uprooted, blackened stumps, in grim array,
Like shaggy monsters prowling for their prey,
Tower o'er the bearded grain's luxuriant spire.
While the tall pine-tree, seared with scathing
fire,
Rears its gaunt frame, of nature's honors spoiled,
And flings its ghastly shadows o'er the wild.
Yet nature boon here spreads her liberal store,
And sweet contentment brightens round his
door ;
While hardy sports still cheat the lagging day,
And string his sinewy nerves to manlier play.
When summer suns salute the golden morn,
And wafted sweets, from fragrant pine-trees borne,
Load all the balmy air, with patient aim
He tries the stream or strikes the flying game ;

And oft as wintry winds, with stormy wail,
Sweep the dead leaves that fly before the gale,
O'er the rough snow and through the ice-bound
fen

He tracks the desert monster to his den ;
Meets the grim panther with unblenching eye,
The volleyed death that instant winged to fly,
Unshaken marks where, growling in his lair,
With bristling front glares forth the rugged bear ;
Or, speaks the ringing rifle, sharp and clear,
Fate in its tone, and stays the flying deer !
Drags home his prey ; and while with gusty
shout

The piping winds unheeded blow without,
Crouched o'er the blaze, his wondering children
near,
Pours his lone perils in no careless ear ;
His trusty friend, well tried, once more would
try,
Down its brown barrel aims his curious eye,

Marks well its state with long attention deep,
Then flings his weary length to welcome sleep.

Can gold disturb his rest ? oh, who shall say
To-morrow's sunshine shall be like to-day !
Earth hath no secret place, so wild and rude,
But avarice pierces all its solitude.

Lo, winged with winds the vagrant rumors fly,
And glittering showers amaze his dazzled eye ;
Bonds, notes, a fluttering throng, before him rise,
His rock-crowned deserts gleam a golden prize,
And the sweet stream, that by his hovel rolled,
Shines through its lucent wave with sands of
gold !

Till now, by hopes and fears confusedly tost,
He takes the shining bait, and all is lost !

Through greedy hands transfused, alembic sure
Substantial good with real ills to cure,
His house, his home, his heritage, his lands
Melt in his sight ; — a naked wretch he stands, —

Turns stripped and beggared from his own loved
door,
And seeks a world that smiles not on the poor !
Thou enviest wealth, perchance, its varied store,
Gems rich with gold and heaps of glittering ore,
Forlorn amidst thy meagre comforts pine,
Breathe the vain sigh and sadly wish it thine ?
Thy dream of all that riches can afford,
The sumptuous dwelling and the affluent board,
The coach obedient when its master stirs,
Summer's light robes and winter's costly furs ;
Life's social pleasures all conspired to please,
Day's quiet tenor, night's untroubled ease !
Oh, blind to all the pains that wait on wealth,
Too often purchased with the bosom's health !
Go, mark the miser grovelling o'er his gold,
Though lord of forests yet is pinched with cold ;
Though thousand herds are on his pastures fed,
Alone and grudging eats his bitter bread ;

The school-boy's moral, marvel of the wise,
Jest of the world and riddle of the skies !
What though uncounted realms combine to pour
Heaps piled on heaps to crowd his groaning floor,
Where Afric's dust Peru's red ingots meet,
And all Arabia sweetens at his feet ;
He, wretched creature, lord of useless power
No slave would purchase with his tortured hour,
Poor amidst plenty, fears his hoards may fail,
And dreads at last the work-house or the jail !
Till darker fears approach ; his soul takes wing,
He dies, alas, this envied, guilty thing,
Whose devious steps ten thousand by-ways trod
To cheat himself, his fellow-man and God ;
Life wasted, heaven defied, with tedious care
To heap up riches for a graceless heir ;
And speedy wings attest the well-tried rule
That wealth ill-got is squandered by a fool !
At best, 't is dearly bought with half the pains
That mock the rich man's fairly purchased gains,

Fears, doubts and cares, an anxious throng, that
 prest

Close round his bosom, rob his soul of rest ;
Nor peaceful hours can bring him calm content
Whose hope is slave to every element ;
Nature's each throe to him some direful form,
Earth, ocean, air, the lightning and the storm ;
Or worse, the broken bank, the swindling friend,
The ruined fortune, and the self-sought end.

Oh, better far the lighter ills endure
That plague with daily wants the toiling poor ;
Or, since the wisest, scarcely worldly-wise,
Must dig the mine for fools to snatch the prize,
See other reapers harvest fields they sowed,
And find their solace still in good bestowed ;
Better behold with philosophic eye
The passing pageant of the world go by ;
With the lone student dwell in realms of gold,
Still brightening through the generous dreams
 of old,

Or, with the poet, let thy liberal brain
Build airy castles far away in Spain,
Yet keep, if God ordain such happy fate,
The honest worth that crowns the middle state ;
Thy mind in converse frequent with the sage,
Thine eye oft resting on the sacred page,
Unpressed by want, nor yet perplexed with cares
For hoards that tardy mock impatient heirs ;
Those better riches all intent to win
No moth corrupts, nor thieves to steal break in ;
Nor anxious for to-morrow's doubtful care,
Since each to-day has ills enough to bear ;
Unblemished keep through manhood's sober
stage,
The good man's hope to consummate thine age ;
Contented let thine easy moments fly,
Each thought a wing to lift thee to the sky ;
Be nothing, if thou wilt, the worldling loves,
But all that conscience and thy God approves.

For thee shall then thy neighbor's diamonds
shine,

For thee his flowers their radiant hues combine,

For thee his hills arise, his valleys bloom,

His foliage spread, his gardens waft perfume ;

All nature's treasures thy content reward,

No pains to gain them and no care to guard.

And oh, if duty claim thy busy feet,

And toil must first supply the means to eat,

On daily labor be thine eyelids closed,

Nor man dispute the lot by Heaven imposed,

The first, great, common lot thy race must bear,

To eat the bread of sorrow won with care ;

Till, tasks and trials done, his faithful Lord

Calls the good servant to his sure reward.

BOOK II.

THIS is the AGE OF GOLD ! In quest of gain
What realms remote unsought beyond the main !
What azure wave no daring keel has tossed,
What trackless waste no venturous band has
crossed,
What lonely sea, but some bold crew has viewed
Its unknown islands' native solitude !
We blame not this, for manly virtues rise
In the rough school of generous enterprise,
And hardier men the better wealth diffuse
Of gallant spirits and ennobled views.

Yet when the passion sways with strong control,
Stills the deep voice that whispers to the soul,

Kindles the common mind with restless fire,
And chains the spirit to one base desire ;
Burns in the sunlight of the forest glade,
And pierces even Learning's sacred shade ;
Till, led by this, the very priest unfrocks,
And gambling placemen speculate in stocks ;
When stains unseemly mark the robes of state,
(Thank God the ermine is unspotted yet ;)
When ancient names to ancient virtue dear,
Find little reverence if they 'scape a sneer,
And words once sacred halt on doubtful breath,
Truth, Honor, Innocence and hoary Faith ;
When all has venal grown that can be sold,
And men but valued at their weight in gold ;
When glorious thoughts and glorious deeds expire,
And Genius weeping lights her funeral fire ;
Then Virtue summons all her white-robed band,
Remounts the skies and waves her parting hand.

This is the Age of Gold ! fain would we deem
Truth harsh as this but fiction's clouded dream,
And Hope, the cherub, still stands smiling by,
To scan th' half-opened scroll with doubtful eye ;
Yet if we read the world's broad annals true,
Indignant justice strips the truth to view,
Rends the light veil whose tinsel glories shine,
And prompts each word that wings th' unerring
line.

If, rolling age on age, (and this confessed,)
The love of lucre sways the human breast ;
The days have been, when many a nobler seed
Sprang there to flower, and choked th' unwhole-
some weed ;

The love of glory, fired by generous fame,
Wreaths won, where honor led, a holy name,
High thoughts that burned through manhood's
fiery trance,
And all that weaves the spell of young Romance,

And the bright memory of that glorious throng,
Whose lives are history and whose words are
song.

The laurels won on Cressy's foughten field,
And all that burns on England's blazoned shield,
Of every household word, beloved the most,
Their fathers' story and their country's boast, —
Say, which inspired her ocean chivalry,
To speed her squadrons to the land of Tea?
Thoughts that to brave men's bosoms thronging
come,

Wife, children, lovers, altars, sacred home, —
Which led their sires, beneath the Syrian sun,
To plant the cross on leaguered Ascalon;
Or nerved their iron hosts, when Cromwell's
sword,

Like Gideon's, fought the battles of the Lord;
The hero's breath, which o'er the tide of war,
Rose from the gory deck of Trafalgar, —

What stirring memory, or what hallowed name,
Dear to the annals of thy future fame,
Swelled from their hearts and glorified the scene,
Oh, proud armada of the island-queen !

When thy wild thunder o'er the Indian seas
Shook the frail bulwarks of the dark Chinese, —
And, like that shout which mocked the voice
divine,

The old Ephesian's for his silver shrine,
Thy merchant-princes swelled the echoing cry,
That the vile drug must sell, though nations die !
No more be styled the empress of the main,
Who strike not now for glory but for gain ;
Pour o'er the feeble land the poison flood,
And drive the guilty bargain home with blood ;
What need to argue with a barbarous throng ?
The weak should yield submission to the strong !
“ Might conquers Right,” — she peals the trumpet
note,

And dictates morals from the cannon's throat.⁵

Go, if thy heart would own a generous flame,
Where ruin revels on the spoils of fame ;
View the majestic piles whose fragments lie
On every shore of lovely Italy ;
Or where her subjugated kingdoms stood,
And awe-struck waited Rome's imperial nod.
Reflect what golden treasure's vast amount
Reared the light shaft and carved the chiselled
fount,
Upheaved the ponderous arch, the pillared dome,
All that leads pilgrim nations home to Rome, —
And learn whose bounty cheered the living art,
Which makes her shrines the Meccas of the
heart !
For these proud wrecks by baffled Time un-
spoiled,
Yon gathered mass where vassaled nations
toiled,
Each softer charm that o'er thy fancy stole,
And grander glories fit to awe the soul,

Where twice a thousand years each morn has
furled

Night's veil, that beauty might entrance the
world ;

For these proud trophies of the common good
Some private treasure lavished all the flood,⁶

Till every ivied temple, spared by time,
And even their country's ruin stands sublime !

And we, so boastful of our country's name,
Proud of our sires and jealous for their fame,
Talk o'er the midnight march, the wintry flood,
And the bright fields made holy by their blood ;
Muse where their names enrich the generous
scroll,

That noblest record on time's living roll,
Yet the rank grass and unplucked wild-flower
waves,

Where evening's tears bedew our fathers' graves !

And thou, green hill, whose fiery chaplet won
Blooms with the wreath that waves for Ma-
rathon, —

Long in its mine had lain the unquarried stone,
While the world's daily petty game went on,
Till glorious Beauty, mightier still than gold,
Round man's dull heart unclasped the obdurate
fold,

And the proud shaft salutes the rising morn,
To tell its story to a world unborn !⁷

Yet glowing hearts there are, whose generous
aim

Burns through the earthly dross with purer flame,
Instinct with thoughts that swell the nobler
mind

In boundless hope to compass all mankind ;
As day flings living sunshine all around,
While night's unfolding shades enrich the
ground,

Their life in blessings to the world is given,
Their death distils them like the dews of heaven.
Such his, the stranger youth, on Luxor's plains,⁸
'Mid hoary relics of primeval reigns,
When the resistless shaft stood winged to fly,
With holy trust he glanced his fading eye
On time's triumphant trophies round him hurled,
The wreck-borne spoils of a forgotten world,
And traced with failing hand those words of
light

Above time's empire or oblivion's night !
Man's mightiest, proudest works around him
strown,

Their story gone, their very name unknown,
Not even the memory left of boastful deeds,
Earth-grasping empire and world-conquering
creeds ;

The wandering savage in the regal domes,
Where earth's resplendent monarchs had their
homes ;

Dying alone, 'mid all that shakes the trust,
Man's fainting spirit builds on things of dust ;
Yet all unshaken, saw with glazing eye
The beam that lit his own far western sky ;
Heaped on his country's lap his liberal gold,
Pierced the dim future's veil for him unrolled ;
Saw science fostered by his leading hand,
And knowledge brighten round his native land,
And o'er the murmurs of time's sounding sea
Heard thanks from untold ages yet to be.

Such praise be his ; yet far above the great,
And nobly good whate'er his earthly state,
Who sees the end of nature's bounteous plan,
And claims the native brotherhood of man ;
Knows life itself the journey of a day,
A pilgrim he, his fellow travellers they,
And deems himself but tenant of his hoard,
And counts on reckoning with his treasure's
lord ;

Holds every grain bestowed a boon not given,
But loaned on earth to be restored to heaven ;
When pity pleads to crime itself is blind, —
The undrawn Cheerybles of human-kind, —
Pours from his open hand the sordid dust,
As Heaven its rain on just men and unjust ;
The poor man's friend ! who marks with pitying
eye

The squalid huts where shivering wretches lie ;
Treads the dim alley and the fœtid haunt
Where abject crowd the hungry sons of want ;
Sees pining age bow down its palsied head
And starving children cry in vain for bread ;
Feels nature's impulse prompt the easy art
To cheer for one brief hour the poor man's heart,
Light with one glimmering ray the gloom of
years,
Soothe wo's lone heart-ache and pain's weary
tears, —

Each groan repressed and each averted sigh
How dear to earth, and oh, how blest on high !

These are life's common claims ; but when
shall start

Thy friends, oh Genius, and thy patrons, Art !
When live the liberal heart, and hands that glow
To heal the deeper wounds your votaries know !
Oftener than nurtured on the lap of ease,
Nursed 'mid the wants that starve, the blasts that
freeze,

The kindling spirit and the swelling mind
In generous compass clasping all mankind ;
Its fiery youth too often spent in tears,
Too oft in darker anguish manhood's years,
Suffering's keen pangs and all the sense of
wrong,

That, if it kills not, bursts in burning song,
In living stone and living canvas speaks,
While the proud heart that breathed the being
breaks.

Souls such as these, whose memories only save
Their country's annals from oblivion's grave,

Their path through desert ages all the trace
Of thoughts and deeds that dignified their race ;
Those glorious spirits, whose consummate art
Refined the dross from man's degraded heart,
With kindling impulse stirred the world's deep
soul,

And bade Truth's dawning lustre cheer the
whole ;

Such as, oh fatherland, thy wiser mind
Has made thy bulwarks, blessings of mankind,
Sparkling with genius, or with learning sage,
The guiding lights that glorify their age ;
Such as had been, were elder days restored,
Honored at Athens and by Rome adored ;
Say, oh my country, shall it be thy shame
In lust of gold to lose all generous flame ;
From these, thy glory, turn the cautious eye,
Neglected let them live and starving die ?
Vain then for thee were all the bolder fire
That leapt in living flame from Homer's lyre,

And through the night of ages gleaming still
Held the wild world obedient to his will ;
Vain Milton's own majestic measure, caught
From deeper springs than Nature's boldest
thought ;

Vain David's harp with chords celestial strung,
Each prophet voice and each immortal tongue ;
Nature's and Heaven's own language, vain were
all

To check thy ruin or lament thy fall !

True on my country's yet unburdened soil
Life's common gifts reward the hands that toil,
Not here the starving poor man's curse has said
His honest labor cannot buy him bread ;
Nor yet is driven to know that dire extreme,
Want's gloomy, sullen, hopeless, desperate
dream, —

That brooding dream, whose real shapes affright,
(Too sternly true, though meant for life's delight,)

The children, jealous round the scanty food,
The wife once gentle wrought to frenzy's mood,
The revel maddening in the midnight dome,
The cold bare hearth that desolates his home ;
All that has killed the heart or made it feel
Each fiery passion hardening into steel ;
Till the stung spirit spurns the strong control
Reason or fiction wind about the soul,
Breaks the weak bonds that claimed reluctant
 awe,
Makes nature's dictate paramount to law,
Strikes at the power he may not hope to win
With all the fruitless feebleness of sin,
Lights the wild torch and fires the hoarded grain,
Sacks the proud mansion, robs the loaded wain, —
Sinks his strong spirit formed, perchance, to
 climb,
And gives the soul to every nameless crime.
Till thought of him and such as he will come
Unbid on pleasure's hour in beauty's home,

With scowl malignant mock his social lord,
Infest his dreams and shake him at his board.

Not these thy terrors. Long may Heaven avert
That woes and wrongs like these shall work thy
hurt !

Nor feared, indeed, where equal laws divide
The wealth that pampers long-descended pride,
The careful father's treasure heaped in vain
His progeny must equalize again,
Fixed by our prudent sires a firm decree
Against that bane of freedom, Luxury.
Yet sceptics doubt, (where will not doubt in-
trude ?)

If wisdom here were in her wiser mood !
True, no proud castles frown along the land,
Nor feudal halls dispense the wide command ;
No long-drawn galleries, graced by elder art,
Can touch the fancy and refine the heart ;
No generous race to keep alive the flame
Of lofty honor and unspotted name ;

With genial charms to wreathe the muses' bower,
Give learning leisure and to genius power ;
No softening, cheering and ennobling sway
To lure the wandering soul a brighter way,
Kindle the fire of thought grown deathlike cold,
Make being's means and not its end be gold,
O'er many a bending form and stolid face
Diffuse the light of mind, the charm of grace.

Escaping thus, perchance, a servile pride
In sires not always found on virtue's side,
And noble lines, ennobled but in name,
Too high for justice but too low for shame,
Whose long hereditary rolls but show
Their fathers lived a thousand years ago, —
And boasting only that our nobler birth,
Graced by no fading honors of the earth,
Disdained those baseless forms and shadowy
things,
The blood of princes and the state of kings,
Claimed honest kindred only with the good,

And fixed above the skies its sure abode !
A pilgrim race ! whose fathers' welcome home,
Was but the starlit heavens, their airy dome ;
Their tabernacle in the savage wood,
Their offspring rocked upon the wintry flood ;
Strangers on earth, along life's desert road,
The mind's calm eye, still looking up to God,
Saw all things future certain, clear and plain,
Things present doubtful, indistinct and vain ;
Indifferent they of empire's rise or fall,
But God's eternal kingdom all in all !
Say, shall their sons, degenerate grown and base,
Soil the immortal trophies of their race ?
And, since besetting sins that live caressed
In evil hearts, unchecked, seduce the best,
Hug for their own the world's most worldly vice,
Its chiefest, basest, meanest Avarice !

Shame to the age that with one icy flood
Sweeps all that old corruption's force withstood ;

Hurls virtue's wrecks along, an easy prey,
And drowning honor in its gulf away ;
Pours with its sullen surge oblivious streams
O'er holy memories and ennobling dreams ;
Makes private motive but a sordid lust,
And shameless traffic out of public trust ;
Till lofty vice, so common grown and bold,
Scarce here and there one piece rings sterling
gold,

While foul alloys the meaner coins debase,
Uncurrent else their prouder brother's face !
And now, no longer thoughtful to maintain
An honest name that will not brook a stain,
Their sons' best heritage without the pelf,
(A grovelling thing when followed for itself,)
They feel no claim on life's diviner soul
Check the low impulse and regain control ;
See all around them fixed with every sense
On the same servile hunt for petty pence ;

Leap o'er the barriers Heaven and man have
made,

With greedy hunger drive the sinful trade,
Direct the swindling bank, the grasping scheme,
The blown-up bubble and the gilded dream ;
And public virtue, (but another name
For private worth exalted into fame,)
Corrupted apes the morals of the day,
And but "repudiates" when it ought to pay ;
Fired by no nobler sense whose kindling flame
Rejects dishonor and repudiates shame !

Well, let the world pursue its sordid race,
The bubble grasp, the flying phantom chase,
Mix in the narrow crowd's ignoble strife,
Destroy life's objects for the sake of life, ⁹
Coin hopes more precious than the crimson flood,
And traffic hearts for unsubstantial good,
Turn from diviner wisdom's sweet employ,
Count the prophetic muse an idle toy,

Be all that marks on time's unerring page
The feeble manners of a selfish age !

But he, whose bosom nobler thoughts inspire,
Who feels the promptings of ethereal fire,
Say, shall he mingle with the hollow crowd,
The vile, the vain, the sensual and the proud,
Trim his light sails to catch the prosperous
breeze,

Sail down the stream and tempt the dangerous
seas ?

Or, weakly mourning his degenerate race,
Meet grim despair with unaverted face,
Fall, like the dying Roman, and exclaim,
“ Virtue, alas, what is it but a name ! ”

No, while the world's broad fields commingled
show

Where weeds and flowers in wild confusion
grow,

Be his the manlier task, with dauntless breast
Still toiling nobly there to pluck the best ;

Prophetic still where hidden dangers lie,
Point every star that gilds life's stormy sky,
Trace the sweet paths where life's bright roses
bloom,
Foretell the good and shun Cassandra's doom.

And brighter days will come ; the shifting scene
Shows what shall be from all that once has
been ;
Man changes, empires fall, and states decay,
Like summer clouds the nations melt away,
Yet through the gloom, though all around be
dark,
Unquenched and quenchless burns the immortal
spark ;
Still throned imperial in the human soul,
And still resistless to exalt the whole,
Now through the midnight flings a taper's ray,
Now cheers the nations with the blaze of day !

And Nature still surrounds us, ever true
To claim the soul's responses for her due ;
Where the broad mountain lifts his hoary crown,
Or autumn suns the waving fields imbrown ;
Where with one moan perpetual ocean swells,
Or moonlit fountains gush in fairy dells ;
Where heaven's rejoicing bridegroom downward
 dips

To meet the kiss of twilight's dewy lips,
And the dark habitations of the night
Unveil on high those rolling worlds of light ;
By haunted grove and every valley green
Where lilies bloom that neither toil nor spin, —
Some secret voice, which will be heard alone,
Speaks the soul's language and reveals its own !

Man changes ; but when all at length seem lost,
Revolving states confused and tempest-tost ;
When fainting faith decays, and all we deem
Of truth and beauty mocks us like a dream ;

When vain philosophy breaks nature's gloom,
But plucks no flowers immortal from the tomb,
And wandering science every star has trod,
But finds no heaven and scarcely owns a God ;
And, dead to mortal hope and heavenly trust,
Man's sordid spirit grovels in the dust ;
Then, — as the shepherd minstrel struck the
lyre,

Drew down celestial music to the wire,
Swelled the clear strain and breathed the mea-
sured fall,

And drove the demon from the soul of Saul, —
Then, — the high Muse replumes her shining
wings,¹⁰

Moulds to fresh concords her harmonious strings,
Strikes the bold harp, relinks the golden chain
That binds the erring heart to Heaven again ;
The spell dissolves, the shadowy clouds unroll,
And Truth immortal lights the human soul.

Thus runs the lay ; and now the lyre is broke ;
Fled the sweet spell that all its impulse woke ;
No more I strive to string the shattered chords,
Or fling its music round my faltering words :
Thou, thou art dead ! In vain, in vain I hear
Hope's whisper chide the unavailing tear ;
Alas, what voice that sorrow shall restrain
Which weeps forever since it weeps in vain !
Oh, what avails, though all the world approve,
The verse, that only flowed to meet thy love, —
Thy love, that cheered each task my heart
 begun,
And well rewarded every labor done !
The living spirit and the soul of thought,
Whose heart corrected all that genius taught ;
Whose generous mind, fresh with immortal
 youth,
Each thought a virtue and each impulse truth,
With every goodness every charm could blend,
Till half forgot the lover in the friend ;

By nature's dowry sweet with every grace,
Yet found content in life's sequestered place ;
The guileless path of simple wisdom trod,
Whose flowers of heaven allure the way to God ;
In modest worth shrunk backward from the
throng,

And lived the lowly doctrine of my song !
From thee each charm my inspiration caught,
Prompted by thee the lay ; and I, that thought
To dedicate it to thy living heart,
Lay it upon thy bier ! Henceforth apart
Scarce seem the portals of the earth and sky,
Since such as thou could live and love and die.

By nature, this is a country of great beauty,
 Yet there is something in the air,
 The air is full of life,
 Which is the life of the world,
 In every corner of the land.

And that is the life of the world,
 From the mountains to the sea,
 From the forests to the fields,
 From the cities to the villages,
 From the great cities to the small towns,
 From the great cities to the small towns,
 From the great cities to the small towns,
 From the great cities to the small towns.

NOTES
TO
THE AGE OF GOLD.

NOTE 1. Page 1.

It is pleasantly remarked by Johnson, in his Life of Savage, that "He did not forget, in mentioning his performances, to mark every line that had been suggested or amended ; and was so accurate, as to relate, that he owed *three words* in *The Wanderer* to the advice of his friends."

Without pretending to emulate this extremely punctilious correctness, I think fit to observe, that it is possible one or two occasional and unintentional coincidences of expression with other writers may be observed in the foregoing Poem. For one who is conversant with English literature, it is nearly impossible, in a performance of such length, upon an abstract subject, to avoid what Cicero calls the "common-places" of composition. Every one much in the habit of writing verse must have ob-

served, that he sometimes found himself unable to determine whether the line which he had just set down, perhaps his favorite one, was his own or that of some other writer. I have myself detected only one flagrant instance of this kind; where a line of a great poet has, quite unconsciously on my part, insinuated itself amongst my own couplets. As the line, however, is in itself valueless, and rendered only by its position much better adapted to my purpose, than any it would be possible to construct, expressing the same idea, I have determined (reluctantly) to retain it in my possession, until some sagacious and industrious critic shall identify and insist upon restoring it to its rightful owner.

NOTE 2. Page 10.

*“ Those winged words that sounding reach the wise,
Be these her arrowy shafts, — ”*

PIND. OLYMP. B. 83 — 86.

NOTE 3. Page 11.

“ Men slowly gained but kept their innocence.”

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.

PROVERBS, XVIII. 20.

NOTE 4. Page 16.

—— *“ Well holy Paul
Root of all evil love of gold might call.”*

I. TIM. VI. 10.

NOTE 5. Page 32.

“And dictates morals from the cannon’s throat.”

While sending this volume to the press, I extract from a London Paper the following account of the taking of the Chinese City of Tsekee;

“A Chinese force of from 8000 to 10,000 men were strongly posted upon some hills commanded by Generals Twan-Yung, Yang, and Choo. Arrangements were made for an attack in three columns, two of which were led by Sir H. Gough, and Sir W. Parker, in person. Nothing could exceed the bravery of the troops. They contrived to surround the Chinese, and quite bewildered them. The carnage was dreadful, being more a butchery than a battle. Ignorant of the laws of civilized warfare, the poor creatures knew not how to surrender, and were massacred. Not less than a thousand of them, including a great number of Mandarins, were killed, or drowned in the canals; whereas of the British troops only three were killed and twenty-two wounded.”

It is presumed that there are few persons in England or elsewhere, whose reason is not perverted by prejudice or interest, who do not regard Great Britain as the aggressor in this contest; not merely in consideration of the rule of morals, but upon every settled principle of domestic and international law. It is possible that the Chinese may have exhibited some degree of bad faith upon incidental questions; but as to their clear right to regulate their home policy or foreign traffic according to their own notions of moral obligation, who can doubt? It is well known to those who have examined the subject, that the “foreign barbarians”

had full warning, that the trade in opium would no longer be permitted, as well as ample opportunity and repeated notice to withdraw the prohibited article from the Emperor's dominions. What was made forfeit, therefore, became subject to this liability, in consequence of wilful resistance to the ordinance of the government; and the circumstance affords no plausible pretext for the commencement of hostilities. The exclusion of the drug too was uniformly placed upon moral grounds; and where the moralists and philanthropists of England have been at this crisis it would be curious to inquire. As it is, it has been a conflict of the most powerful against the most imbecile nation, singularly protracted, in consequence, it is to be hoped, amongst other things, of some occasional relentings of conscience, conviction of wrong, and the absence of those motives and influences which usually constitute the attractions of war.

Christianity has been supposed to exhibit not its least amiable characteristic, in moderating the unavoidable horrors of warfare. But there is a sort of cold-blooded exultation, over things neither honorable nor humane, in the passage above quoted, surprising to witness in an age of professions like our own.

As an offset to this wanton massacre of the defenceless, thus coolly narrated, I quote the language said, by an ancient poet, to have been used by Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, in answer to Fabricius, the Roman Consul, who requested the release of certain captives upon ransom; with the comment of Cicero, that it was — “*regalis sane et digna Æacidarum genere sententia* :”

Nec mi aurum posco, nec mi pretium dederitus ;

Nec cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes ;

Ferro, non auro, vitam cernamus utrique,

Vosne velit, an me regnare Hera ; quidve ferat sors
 Virtute experiamar, et hoc simul accipe dictum ;
 Quorum virtutei belli Fortuna pepercit,
 Horumdem me libertatei parcere certum est ;
 Dono ducite, doque volentibus cum magneis Dis.

Of which the following translation is ventured ;

I ask no gold, — to me no price be paid,
 The war we wage is *war*, not huckstering trade ;
 With steel not gold the mortal cast we try,
 Whom Fate decrees to reign, or you or I.
 What future chance shall be, let manhood test ;
 And more, — I utter this supreme behest, —
 These valiant men, whom Fortune spared, are free ;
 Be sure I grant them unbought liberty ;
 I *give* them freedom, — hence your comrades lead, —
 And the great Gods shall well approve my deed.

NOTE 6. Page 34.

“ Some private treasure lavished all the flood.”

“ The majestic ruins, that are still scattered over Italy and the provinces, would be sufficient to prove, that those countries were once the seat of a polite and powerful empire. Their greatness, alone, or their beauty, might deserve our attention ; but they are rendered more interesting by two important circumstances, which connect the agreeable history of the arts with the more useful history of human manners. *Many of those works were erected at private expense and almost all were intended for public benefit.*

GIBBON. Decline and Fall. chap. ii. p. 54.

NOTE 7. Page 35.

“ To tell its story to a world unborn.”

It is well known, that the funds necessary to complete the monument, now finished, upon Bunker-hill, were eventually procured by means of a “ Ladies-Fair.”

NOTE 8. Page 36.

“ Such his, the stranger youth on Luxor’s plains. ”

Mr. John Lowell, Jr., of Boston, whose bequest of \$250,000 established the Institute in that city, and which bears his name. The codicil to his will is dated at Luxor, near Thebes. He died in 1836, aged 37. It is not perhaps very unusual for men, who have spent their lives in the acquisition of wealth and amidst all those motives and influences, which prompt us to be liberal, on our death-beds, of those things for which we have no further occasion, at last to

“ Die and endow a college or a cat ! ”

But there is something more than commonly sublime in the spectacle of a young person, dying in “ a far country,” surrounded only by the relics of past and forgotten institutions ; yet aiming, with a generous and hopeful confidence to establish the future intellectual and moral cultivation of his native land.

NOTE. 9. Page 47.

“ Destroy life’s objects for the sake of life,”

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

JUV.

The inordinate thirst of wealth,—“ the love of money,”—the forgetfulness of life’s objects and ends,— must be always suitable and useful themes for the satirist and the moral historian of his times; for these are causes which corrupt and eventually destroy society. On the other hand, the reasonable and moderate pursuit of wealth, as a source of enlightened enjoyment, by just means, combined with a true sense of its proper employment and distribution, so far from being prejudicial, is both useful and necessary. Without this, society would stagnate and life end. It is said by a great authority ; —

“ God first assigned Adam maintenance of life, and then appointed him a law to observe. True it is that the kingdom of God must be the first thing in our purposes and desires ; but inasmuch as a righteous life presupposeth life, inasmuch as to live virtuously it is impossible, except we live ; therefore, the first impediment which naturally we endeavor to remove is penury and want of things without which we cannot live.”

HOOKE. Eccl. Pol. Book I. Sect. 9.

There is, however, some apparent fallacy, if it be not presumption to say so, in the argument of the “ judicious ” Hooker, upon this subject ; because, in point of fact, the means of life and virtuous living are really conjoint, commence at the same moment and proceed in the same tenor.

Neither must it be forgotten, that the pursuits of business, in themselves temporary and ending with life, can be intended only for the employment of the otherwise idle faculties, and to give opportunity for the exercise of the moral attributes of human nature. In any other view, such pursuits would seem absurd. To waste health and comfort, to pervert the moral being, to lose life itself, in the mere pursuit of things, which in themselves afford no pleasure, and which must absolutely cease with present existence — this would seem to be the highest reach of human infatuation!

NOTE 10. Page 51.

“Then the high Muse replumes her shining wings.”

Meaning the Muse in the more enlarged and comprehensive sense of the term, as including whatever influence tends to exalt the immortal over the material part of human nature.

LYRICAL
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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A DREAM.¹

Ecce Somniator venit! VULGATE.

'T WAS midnight's deep profound ;
 High rode the cloudless moon ;
 The stars upon their round
 Glowed through night's solemn noon.

Their shadowy pinions furled,
 No winds their vigils kept,
 And wrapt in dreams the world
 Hushed its wild heart and slept.

No breath upon the sea,
No murmur in the sky,
But cold and silently
The wintry night swept by.

Within a pillared dome,
Such as in ages old,
Where the sires of mighty Rome
The world's great hopes controlled ; —

There met in grand debate,
With brows composed and high,
A nation's sages sate,
Deep thought in every eye.

Fit themes of high resolve
An empire's soul to wake
Through their lofty minds revolve,
From their lips heroic break ;

All the statesman's bold control,
All the patriot's high desire,
All the hero's fervent soul,
All the bard's ecstatic fire ;

All that through a sounding world
Bears a people's memory on,
Tears the veil oblivion furl'd,
Pleads anew for glories gone !

There was audience grave and still
Reigned that lofty band among,
As each master-spirit's will
Led in triumph all the throng ;

And every pause between
Rose a murmur as of waves,
Where the meadow's quiet green
Some silvery ripple laves.

There was manhood's thoughtful brow,
The impassioned soul of youth,
Age's locks of reverend snow
And its calm and trusted truth.

Those, whose wise conducting hand
Kept the sullen crowd in awe,
When faction's swelling band
Broke the bonds of sacred law.

Men, whose eyes of eagle light
Told of many a conflict won ;
Rallied oft the sinking fight,
Led the stormy battle on.

There the sage, to whom was given ²
More than Nature's sovereign sway, —
Brought the lightning down from heaven,
Tore the tyrant's rod away ; —

And he, whose fervid call
Through a nation's heart could thrill,
"Live or die," who staked his all
On his country's altars still ;—

And he, whose story told
Fills anew each moistened eye,
Whom a kingdom's treasured gold
Was not rich enough to buy ;—

And many a one, whose name
Was a loved and household word,
Made a people's breath its fame,
Found a nation's truth its guard ;—

And towering o'er them all,
Like the patriarch's mightier sheaf,
'Mid his peers that thronged the hall
Majestic stood the CHIEF !³

From his brow and eye sublime
Shone the look of high command,
Like the gods of ancient time
In the old heroic land.

Yet their proudest powers above
Were his glory and his crown, —
All a people's reverent love
All a world's applause his own !

'T was the noblest of the earth
Thus in solemn conclave met,
To record a nation's birth
And to mould the mighty state.

Thoughts beyond my mind's control
To my lips in accents sprung,
“ Here is more than WOLFE's great soul, —
Here is CHATHAM's mother tongue ! ” ⁴

When a mingled cry there fell,
That my startled senses woke, —
Fled the vision and the spell,
And the wizard dream was broke.

'T was like surges on the shore,
When the winds above them sweep,
As they pour their sullen roar,
As they dash with headlong leap! —

Still within the pillared hall, —
Where the spirits high and bold!
Where the chief among them all, —
And the mighty men of old!

'Mid a Babel of mad sound,
Confusion worse confused,
Stood the living presence round
That my living sense abused.

Gone the patriot's holy fire,
Gone the statesman's purpose sage,
Youth's pure and high desire
And the reverence fit for age !

Self ruled the maddened hour,
And suspicion scowled beside,
Stole away the patriot's power,
Quelled the throe of manly pride.

All forgot their fathers' blood,
Honor's prize and glory's gleam, —
I scorned the brawling brood,
And longed once more to dream.

THE BALLAD OF LUTZEN. 1632.⁵

ON Lutzen's morn, ere heaven's red flame the
 drooping clouds had kissed,
Or break of day had rolled away the morning's
 heaving mist,
The word was passed along the line, and all our
 men arrayed
Stood front and rear, each musketeer, in silence
 and in shade.

No trumpet swelled its rallying blast, no clarion's
 pealing breath,
No beaten drum proclaimed "they come," across
 the field of death ;
But shrouded in the wreathing mist, with stead-
 fast tread and slow,
With hearts prepared and weapons bared, we
 marched upon the foe.

"Halt, halt!" the cry rang through the host,
 "their ranks are all in view,
Yon murky sun, that rose so dun, the mantling
 grey breaks through ;
Let fools down battle's gory paths rush headlong
 on to death,
We own the Power that rules the hour, the
 Lord of life and breath!"

And full before the leaguers' host we seek on
bended knee,
With lifted face His sovereign grace, whose
word is fate's decree ;
To Him uprose in chorus deep each squadron's
lofty psalm,
And swelled in air our heartfelt prayer on Na-
ture's breathless calm.

The king was there,—with burning hope his
manly visage glowed,
As oft before, at battle's hour, along our front
he rode ;
“ Now, soldiers, now,” and answered well each
heart the kingly tone,
“ For holy faith, for life or death,—Lord Jesus,
aid thine own ! ”

Impetuous rolled the pealing drum, wild rang
the trumpet swell,
All round the sky our battle cry in thundering
echoes fell,
“God and the cause,” — “on, comrades, on!
we own no papal sway, —
What servile band shall dare to stand before our
charge to-day!”

And many a plumèd head rose high, and banners bright unrolled,
And pennons stream and sabres gleam beneath
the sun like gold;
Across the sounding plain our horse with stamping
hoofs they go, —
See where they broke through flame and smoke
like lightning on the foe!

We care not for their trenches, leap light their
bulwarks o'er,
Each bayonet is gleaming wet, red with imperial
gore, —
Sheer through their columns crashing goes our
cannons' hurtling levin,
Like chaff they fly, when bursts on high the
whirlwind blast of heaven!

Vain, vain their Flemish infantry, their Croats'
thirsty spears, —
In vain, in vain led Wallenstein his steel-clad
cuirassiers, —
We Swedes count life but little worth in the
battle's stormy hour,
As meets the rock the tempest-shock we met
the fiery shower.

Nor quailed our Northern bosoms, nor shook our
iron rank,

When Pappenheim with spur of flame came
thundering on our flank ;

Firm stood our Scottish legions, stout Weimar's
columns stood,

And gave like men their blows again, and paid
them blood for blood.

Remember Magdeburg's foul sack and Isolani's
sword,

Their fierce dragoons and wild Walloons, and
Tilly's cruel word ;⁶

Remember Leipsic's gory field, and our battle's
gloomy swell,

When their blood like rain dashed o'er the plain,
paid the crimson reckoning well !

Once more, once more, — the king the first, —
he ever leads the way, —

On every mane flies loose the rein, — what slave
behind would stay !

Heavens ! how we bore them through and
through, while wildly o'er the slain

With headlong speed the unmastered steed swept
through the dinted plain !

And many a stark old warrior, and youths with
locks of gold,

As they reel before our steel, to the dust alike
are rolled ;

Rough greeting theirs, I trow, who chance that
trampling troop to meet, —

Where it dashes, how like ashes they are trod
beneath our feet !

Now joy to Luther's churches through the borders of Almain !

It is the Lord, whose vengeful sword has cleft the tyrant's chain !

Let Rome upon her sevenfold hills bewail her children's trust,

Forever broke her bloody yoke, and her idols bite the dust.

But where is he, Gustavus, the Lion of the North !

The best and aye the bravest, from battle's cloud came forth !

Dead, — dead, — beneath the clanging hoof, the bulwark of our faith, —

Oh, dear will be the victory, that 's bought with such a death !

One true young bosom only there of all his
gallant ring, —

Oh, human pride ! “ alas,” he cried, “ this morn
I was a king ! ”

So passed the noblest heart away that beat
beneath the sun, —

Thus went the fray on Lutzen’s day, and thus
the field was won.

DEPARTURE OF THE FRIGATE.

HER pennant at the mainmast head,
Her ensign on the flowing breeze,
Her snowy sails like pinions spread
To waft her o'er the rolling seas ;
And gently bending to the tide,
That folds her in its swift embrace,
And smiles around her, as a bride
Smiles welcomes in her lover's face, —

In gallant trim, as staunch and true
As ever dared the seaman's grave,
She bears her bold and hardy crew
In triumph o'er the ocean wave :
So, like a thing of life and light,
That fades along the sleeper's brain,
She bounds across the trancéd sight
To seek the broad and gloomy main !

And hark, what warlike strains awake,
'Mid volumed smoke and fiery gleam,
And peals whose ringing echoes break
The busy city's worldly dream !
The gay salute, the jovial cheer,
The stern command, the prompt reply, —
What joy, to share her swift career,
Or on her blood-stained decks to die !

And oh, what thoughts across the deep,
Commend her to the favoring airs!
What freighted hopes her bulwarks keep,
What treasures of uncounted prayers!
From mount and valley far away,
By sweet green field and flowery lea, —
While she, amid the tossing spray,
Careers along the heaving sea.

And dearer still, her country's fame
Is with her on the mountain wave,
And honor's bright and holy name
To nerve the weak and cheer the brave;
That stainless flag, whose starry fold
Still pierced the lurid battle through,
And o'er the tide of war unrolled
On every sea triumphant flew!

And fair and happy be her way,
O'er ocean's broad unfathomed bed,
And prosperous all the winds that play
Where'er her swelling sails are spread !
God save her from the deadly rock,
And cliffs that crown the wild lee-shore,
God keep her in the tempest shock,
And bring her home once more !

BLOODY BROOK. 7

By Bloody Brook, at break of day,
 When glanced the morn on scene more fair !
 Rich pearl-dew on the greensward lay,
 And many a sweet flower flourished there :
 The holy forest all around
 Was hush as summer's sabbath noon,
 And through its arches breathed no sound
 But Bloody Brook's low bubbling tune.

And bright with every gallant hue

The old trees stretch their leafy arms,

While o'er them all the morning threw

A tenderer glow of blushing charms ;

And varying gold and softest green,

And crimson like the summer rose,

And deeper, through the foliage screen,

The mellow purple lives and glows.

By night, alas, that fearful night !

How sinks my heart the tale to tell !

All, all was gone that morning light

Saw blooming there so passing well ;

Those clustered flowers, o'er all their pride

A thousand furious steps had trod,

And many a brave heart's ebbing tide

For pearly dew-drops stained the sod !

But hark ! that sound you scarce may hear
Amidst the dry leaves scattered there, —
Is it the wild wolf's step of fear,
Or fell snake stealing to his lair ?
Ah me, it is the wild wolf's heart,
With more than wolfish vengeance warm, —
Ah me, it is the serpent's art
Incarnate in the human form !

And now 't is still ! No sound to wake
The primal forests' awful shade ;
And breathless lies the covert brake,
Where many an ambushed form is laid ;
I see the red-man's gleaming eye, —
Yet all so hushed the gloom profound,
The summer birds flit careless by,
And mocking nature smiles around.

Yet hark again ! A merry note
Comes pealing up the quiet stream,
And nearer still the echoes float, —
The rolling drum, — the fife's loud scream !
Yet careless was their march the while,
They deem no danger hovering near,
And oft the weary way beguile
With sportive laugh and friendly jeer.

Pride of their wild romantic land,
In the first flush of manhood's day,
It was a bright and gallant band,
Which trod that morn the venturous way.
Long was the toilsome march, — and now
They pause along the sheltered tide,
And pluck from many a clustered bough
The wild-fruits by the pathway side.

As gay — Alas, that direful yell !

So loud, — so wild, — so shrill, — so clear, —
As if the very fiends of hell

Burst from the wildwood depths were here !
The flame, — the shot, — the deadly gasp, —
The shout, — the shriek, — the panting
breath, —

The struggle of that fearful clasp,
When man meets man for life or death, —

All, all were here ! No manlier forms
Than theirs, — the young, the brave, the
fair, —

No bolder hearts life's current warms
Than those that poured it nobly there !

In the dim forests' deep recess,
From hope, from friends, from succour far,
Fresh from home's smile and dear caress,
They stood to dare the unequal war !

Ah, gallant few ! No generous foe
Had met you by that crimsoned tide ;
Vain even despair's resistless blow, —
As brave men do and die, — they died !
Yet not in vain, — a cry, that shook
The inmost forest's desert glooms,
Swelled o'er their graves, until it broke
In storm around the red-man's homes !

But beating hearts far, far away,
Broke at their story's fearful truth,
And maidens sweet, for many a day
Wept o'er the vanished dreams of youth ;
By the blue distant ocean tide,
Wept years, long years, to hear them tell,
How by the wildwood's lonely side
The FLOWER OF ESSEX fell !

And that sweet nameless stream, whose flood
Grew dark with battle's ruddy stain,
Threw off the tinge of murder's blood,
And flowed as bright and pure again ;
But that wild day, — its hour of fame, —
Stamped deep its history's crimson tears,
Till BLOODY BROOK became a name
To stir the hearts of after years !

TO AN EAGLE.

ON bird of the mountain, who soarest away
 To the cliff of the desert storm-beaten and gray;
 Where thy desolate eyrie looks over the cloud,
 And thy ravenous younglings are screaming
 aloud,
 Thou beatest the sunbeams with pinions of light,
 Oh bird of the mountain, how glorious thy
 flight !

Thou hast been where the winds and the waters
rave,

And the shark, like a spectre, glares out from the
wave ;

Where the dolphin is rolling his ominous form,
And the clouds gather black in the van of the
storm ;

Where the shouting gales o'er the wild waves
leap,

And thy cry mingled in with the voice of the deep.

Thou hast come from the crag of the gloomy shore,
That shook with its surges and howled to its
roar ;

Thou hast dashed through the breakers and
clutched thy prey,

And hast torn from their grapple thy tribute
away ;

Oh king of the mountain and king of the flood !

Thou art bearing it home to thy famishing brood.

Thy plumage is ruffled and rended and worn,
By the rude hill-blast and the sea-winds torn ;
And thy crownless forehead looks bare and
gray, —

'T was the fretting rock and the teasing spray ;
Yet thou bearest on to thine ancient rest,
With a sweeping wing and a tossing crest.

And up and afar is thy steady flight,
Where the low fir clings to the dizzy height,
O'er the trackless ice and the vapors curled
Round the rifted rocks of a primal world ;
Thou art lost in the depths of the mountain
gloom, —

Thou art screaming now in thy cloudy home.

There are voices deep in thy solitude,
The savage gust and the roaring flood, —
Thou can'st look on the hoary hill-tops round
With the snows of long-gone ages crowned, —

But the world and its dwellings beneath thee lie,
Far from the ken of thy gloomy eye.

Oh bird of the wilderness ! Bleak and lone
Is the stormy crest of thy mountain throne !
And the pleasant valleys are far away,
Where the wild-flowers bloom and the sweet
winds play ;
Thou may'st struggle on in the pride of power,
But the happy heart has an humbler bower.

TO A BIRD.

O FIRST and sweetest of Spring's early birds,
Whose rapturous warblings quiver from yon
 spray,
What thoughts of joy, beyond all reach of
 words,
Gush with the voice that tunes thy fiery lay!
Hark, how the blissful accents seem to say
All happy tidings of new springing flowers,
Of nursing sunbeams mixed with kindly showers,
And balmier airs to waft the gladsome day!

And all is glorious hope of summer nigh, —
The hill-side brodered seems with fresher
 charms,
The breeze that quickens and the beam that
 warms
Float with thy voice athwart the breathing sky !
Sing on, glad prophet, woods and fields again,
And human hearts, rejoicing, hail thy strain.

THE BRAVE OLD WORLD.

THERE once was a world and a brave old world
 Away in the ancient time,
 When the men were brave and the women fair,
 And the world was in its prime.
 And the priest, he had his book,
 And the scholar had his gown,
 And the old knight stout, he walked about,
 With his broadsword hanging down.

Ye may see this world was a brave old world,
In the days long past and gone,
And the sun, he shone, and the rain, it rained,
And the world went merrily on ;
The shepherd kept his sheep,
And the milkmaid milked her kine,
And the serving-man was a sturdy loon
In a cap and doublet fine.

And I've been told, in this brave old world
There were jolly times and free ;
And they laughed and sung, till the welkin rung,
All under the greenwood tree ;
The sexton chimed his sweet, sweet bells,
And the huntsman wound his horn,
And the hunt went out, with a merry shout,
Beneath the jovial morn.

Oh, the golden days of the brave old world
 Made Hall and cottage shine !
 The squire, he sat in his oaken chair
 And quaffed the good red wine ;
 The lovely village maiden,
 She was the village queen,
 And, by the mass, tripped through the grass,
 To the Maypole on the green.

When trumpets roused this brave old world,
 And banners flaunted wide,
 The knight bestrode his stalwart steed,
 And the page rode by his side ;
 And plumes and pennons tossing bright
 Dashed through the wild meleè,
 And he who prest amid them best
 Was lord of all, that day.

And ladies fair, in the brave old world,
They ruled with wondrous sway,
But the stoutest knight, he was lord of right,
As the strongest is to-day ;
The baron bold, he kept his hold,
Her bower his bright ladyè,
But the forester kept the good greenwood,
All under the greenwood tree.

Oh, how they laughed in the brave old world,
And flung grim care away !
And when they were tired of working,
They held it time to play.
The bookman was a reverend wight,
With a studious face so pale, —
And the curfew-bell, with its sullen swell,
Broke duly on the gale.

And so went by, in this brave old world,
Those merry days and free ;
The king drank wine and the clown drank ale,
Each man in his degree ;
And some ruled well and some ruled ill,
And thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days,
When the world was in its prime.

THE SKATER.

THE earth is white with gleaming snow,
The lake one sheet of silver lies,
Beneath the morning's ruddy glow
The frosty vapors round us rise ;
Sweet is the cool and springing air,
That waves the pine trees on the hill,
But voiceless as a whispered prayer
Breathes down the valley clear and still.

Come, 't is an hour to stir the blood
To glowing life in every vein !
Up, for the sport is keen and good
Across the broad and icy plain.
On each impatient foot to-day
The ringing steel again we 'll bind,
And o'er the crystal sea, away, —
We 'll leave the world and care behind.

And oh, what joy is ours to play
In rapid round and swift career,
And snatch, beneath the wintry day,
Our moment's rest and hasty cheer !
Then when the brief sweet day is done,
And stars above begin to blink,
Down the broad lake that bears us on
We meet our sweethearts on the brink.

We heard their cheerful laughters ring,
Our bounding hearts gave quick reply, —
With rapid sweep around we spring,
Like headlong winds away we fly ; —
We greet them well ! How brightly glow
Their cheeks that kiss the frosty air !
And homeward, o'er the moon-clad snow,
Each proud boy leads his willing fair.

Then gathered round the cheerful blaze,
While gusts without are blowing shrill,
With laugh and jest and merry lays
We pass the jocund evening still :
Around the board our feats all told,
Comes nature's welcome hour of rest,
And slumbers never bought with gold
Sit light on each untroubled breast.

No lagging pulse impedes our sleep,
No startling dreams our couch annoy,
But health and peace in quiet deep
Smile hovering round the country boy.
Then, when the morning, sharp and clear,
Springs gaily o'er the glistening hill,
With hardy sports we hail it near,
Or hardy labors bless it still.

BURNING OF THE TOWER.

O TOWER of London ! Not the lurid flame
Can cleanse the plague that haunts thy chambers
old,
Nor wreathing smoke, in volumed blackness
rolled,
Blot the foul record of thy lasting shame !
Time hallows not the guilty ; and thy name,
What shadowy hosts it summons from the grave !
Sweet babes and hoary heads ; the pure, the brave

King, prelate, patriot, knight and gentle dame ;
Tears, anguish, torture, blood ; the tyrant's art,
The martyr's crown ; see Raleigh, Russell rise,
Sydney, and Bullen's gospel-lighted eyes, —
All woman's faith and man's unshaken heart !
Call them not shadows England's martyred
 dead, —
As Truth immortal they, thou but the shadow
 fled !

ODE FOR POLAND. 1830.

I.

HURRAH! the Polack's up at last, —
 And river and plain ring out
 To pealing drum and trumpet blast,
 And stormy battle-shout!
 From the fevered sleep of years,
 From the couch of blood and tears,
 Where his struggling soul in vain
 Wrestled with the galling chain, —

Lo, he springs with lion-leap !

Off he hurls the accursed yoke, —
Shakes away the gloomy sleep

His iron dreams at length have broke, —
As an eagle, when he flings
Slumber from his ruffled wings !

II.

Sword and lance are in the sun, —

Plume and banner on the breeze, —
Pole and Cossack, Frank and Hun,

From wood and plain and distant seas,
From many a battle lost and won,
With souls of flame, come thundering on.
Aloft they shake their javelin-reeds,
Fiercely they rein their fiery steeds,
And wave the glittering steel on high,
And shout aloud their battle-cry !

Carpathia sends her mountain forms,
To swell the chorus of the host,
And here is many a voice of storms
From the Baltic's sea-vezt coast.
See the Black Forest's deep recess
Its gaunt and savage children pour,
So wildly strange in form and dress,
Never Christian host before
Hath seen riders such as these !
As a mighty torrent heaves
Wave on wave in stormy wrath,
As a forest's scattered leaves,
In the whirlwind's desert path ;
Like the rush of rolling seas,
Now they gather to the fray,
From a thousand distant plains,
With furious pace and mingling ranks, —
And, as they gallop up the banks
Of the swift Borysthenes,

On steeds as wild and fierce as they, —
Their desert coursers' shaggy manes,
And the crimson streamers that over them play
Float to the troubled breeze !

III.

The vulture and Muscovite soon will be here, —
The wolf and the Tartar, keen for blood, —
But what care ye for the Calmuck spear,
Or the Tartar's thirsty brood ?
Know ye not what living story
Welcomes him who strikes for glory ?
But when Freedom's battle-brand
Leaps exulting from its sheath,
Songs eternal crown the band,
Flowers immortal wreath !

IV.

What though France stand idly by,
And will not draw the promised blade,
Though your sons in thralldom die,
Wanting the reluctant aid,
She seems to proffer even yet, —
What though Christendom forget
How ye bore the brunt of war
'Gainst the vengeful Moslemah,
When kingly Sobieski stood
By Vienna's trembling walls,
And drove the 'Turk, 'mid seas of blood,
Back recreant to his harem-halls!
What though Europe's knightly crests
No more in Freedom's battle wave, —
What better bulwark would ye have,
To repel a tyrant-lord,
Than your children's manly breasts,
Than your fathers' conquering sword!

WASHINGTON'S ELM. CAMBRIDGE.

THERE 's an old elm tree, that may still be seen
In the pride and beauty of summer green ;
Its gorgeous front to the sky it rears,
And its trunk is grey with the moss of years ;
When its sturdy arms to the breeze it throws,
Each tossing bough like a broad plume flows.

That gallant tree has withstood the blast
For a hundred years and still stands fast ;

The forest has bowed to the touch of time,
Gone is the red-man that looked on its prime,
And races have risen and past away
Since the tree first stood in its green array.

And gallant the sight that once was seen
Under the shade of its branches green ;
When the hope of a nation was gathered there,
In the golden sunlight and glowing air,
The wise and the brave from camp and hall,
And their pride and glory, the Chief of all.

From the city's crowded streets they come,
From the deep lone vale and the mountain home ;
Man in the strength of his manhood's hour,
Stripling forms from their mother's bower,
Youth in the flush of its youthful charms,
And aged men, — and they stood in arms.

They were there in the true old rallying name,
That has long stirred hearts by the fireside flame,
To pledge to their hero the peerless faith,
Redeemed on many a field of death,
In wild disaster's dreariest hour,
In the stormy battle's day of power.

And the graves of their foemen thickly stand
On a soil which is not their fathers' land ;
And they, the true-hearted, heard no more
The sound of war on a peaceful shore ;
But the world's bright annals wrote them free,
From the hour they met by the OLD ELM TREE.

But oh, as memory wanders back
With a thrilling pulse from her blazing track,
Whence shall she summon such hearts of old,
Souls of fire, the true and the bold ?
Where the careless wild-flower creeps, —
Where the dew-drop only weeps !

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL HYMN. 1841. 8.

I.

Rest, wearied soldier, rest,—thy work is
done, —

Thy last great battle fought,—the victory
won, —

And where thy country's genius vigil keeps
Around thine honored grave, a nation weeps.

II.

Not 'mid the tumult of the swelling fight
On thy long day came down the peaceful night ;
Nor where the murmurs of thy forest-tide,
Calm as thy reverend years, forever glide.

III.

But 'mid thy country's annals, that proclaim
Thy worth, thy valor and thine honest fame,
To-day the people's chief we bade thee hail, —
To-morrow came, and swelled thy funeral wail !

IV.

Rest, patriot-hero, rest, — the war of life
No more shall vex thee with its fevered strife,
Nor mortal care, nor pomp of earthly state,
Weigh down thy soul, — the toil of being great !

V.

All human things are vain ; the mightiest power
Fades like a shadow, — withers in an hour ;
Our proudest hopes decay, — our surest trust
Dissolves and dies, — and we ourselves are dust.

VI.

And while thy name floats down time's rolling
stream,
The soldier's glory and the sage's theme, —
Taught by thy fate, let this the nations own,
That God on high is Great and God alone !

PITY THE POOR.

PITY the poor, ye sons of clay,
Nor coldly dare to turn away,
 To nature's claim unjust ;
Your costly robes, in sight of Heaven,
Are with their tattered garments even,
 And all is kindred dust.

HIS piercing eye alike regards,
Alike HIS equal hand rewards
 The lofty and the low ;
Through all the forms of things HE sees,
All thy fond heart's vain sophistries,
 And every outward show.

Pity the poor, ye sons of clay,
Ye clothed in purple every day,
 At rich men's tables fed ;
His scanty garb, his pleading eye,
The thin gray locks that scattered lie
 On his unsheltered head.

Yon feeble form, that tottering goes,
Oh, pity her unnumbered woes
 And sable weeds forlorn ;
Perchance the joy of better days,
Has heard the honied voice of praise,
 Nor felt the proud one's scorn.

That shivering child, — for pity stay,
And teach her, when she shrinks away,
 To tell her piteous tale ;
How bare and cold, on icy ground,
Her little feet that wander round,
 Her starving cheek how pale !

Yon haggard boy, who wishful sees
Your ruddy children nursed in ease,
 By tender mothers fed ;
No mother he, alone he weeps,
Alone and cold and hungry creeps
 Into his wretched bed.

Such sights there are, — where are they not ?
The wretch still finds his weary lot
 Close by the joyful home ;
Nor earth can show the happy shore,
Where want and sorrow nevermore
 To breaking hearts can come.

Pity the poor ! - Oh, more than blind
Thy heart to misery's rights unkind,
Nor claims the promise given, —
That mercy's gifts, tenfold restored,
Are priceless treasures loaned the Lord,
And well laid up in Heaven !

HYMN. 9

THE world, in all its ripened charms, is glowing
bright around,
The harvest corn is bending down along the
yellow ground,
On Nature's ample bosom in bounteous plenty
lies
The Summer's hopeful promise, the Autumn's
golden prize.

The breath that ushers morning in springs joy-
ously and clear,
With softening eye the Sun looks on the fruit-
time of the year,
And merrily the yeoman's heart is bounding at
the sight
Of evening's home, that rises sweet beneath the
glowing night.

The teeming earth, with treasured stores in rich
profusion crowned,
The cattle on a thousand hills, by summer's sun
embrowned,
The forest decked with glorious hues, the flocks,
that throng the vale,
And Nature's universal heart the Year of Plenty
hail !

And well may man, whose living soul the breath
of God inspires,
To grasp the shadowy things to be, with uncon-
trolled desires, —
Well may he bring the skilful works his master
hand hath wrought,
And join with Nature's festival the harvest-home
of thought.

His sail hath found the farthest isle that crowns
the ocean wave,
His hand hath sought the sparkling ore in
earth's profoundest cave,
His car along the smoking track the courser's
speed outvies,
And swifter than on eagle's wings along the
deep he flies.

Then let us in His temple, in grateful homage
bend,

To Him who gave us every good in measure
without end,

To join that glorious harmony, our songs of
praise be given,

Which age on age is sounding through the choral
arch of Heaven.

TO THE ENGLISH FLAG. ¹⁰

ENGLAND ! whence came each glowing hue,
That tints yon flag of 'meteor' light, —
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Crossed with the moonbeam's pearly white ?

The blood and bruise, — the *blue* and *red*, —
Let Asia's groaning millions speak ;
The *white*, — it tells the color fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek !

LOVE-SONG.

OH, come to me, the daylight fails,
And stars are in the fading sky,
The sweet, sweet hour my spirit hails,
But would that thou wert by !
My heart is sad when thou art far,
And darker grows the sable night,
I look through heaven to every star,
But miss thine eyes' sweet light.

Oh, what can cheat the weary hours
That linger through the long, long day,
But hope, that like the bow of showers,
With brightening promise cheers the way !
And thus beguiles my careful toil
The thought that waits for welcome night ;
But where has fled thy cheering smile,
Oh, where thine eyes' sweet light !

Methinks the bird that, through the shade,
Sings darkling from his covert bower,
But breaks the silence night has made,
To hail this promised hour ;
Then come, the trysted time is flown,
And stars are gleaming wild and bright,
Come, for my weary heart alone
Pines for thine eyes' sweet light.

LOVE-SONG.

O'ER the brook, — o'er the brook
Come hither with me,
And we 'll roam through the wood
To the wild-flower lea ;
And, of flowers that are sweetest
I 'll pluck the most rare,
To bloom on your bosom
And float in your hair.

Pretty one, — pretty one,
The richest of pearls
Shall leap from the branches,
To mix with your curls ;
And the breeze of the morning,
As round you it glows,
Shall print on your cheek
What it stole from the rose.

O'er the brook, — o'er the brook,
We 'll wander away,
Where the sweet birds are singing,
The long summer day ;
And 'mid singing and sunshine,
I 'll dream, all the while,
Of your voice as my music,
My sunbeam your smile,

SONG.

COME, sing once more the song you sang,
 And let it round me fling
 The freshness of those happier years
 When life was in its spring ;
 For though my heart has wandered long
 'Mid memory's darkened hours,
 The notes upon its chords will come
 Like early dew to flowers.

Thy pensive grace, — that melting tone, —
 Those eyes so deeply true, —
Oh, more than words can tell, they say
 That thou art lonely too ;
And spell-like falls on hearts like these
 The long remembered strain,
Till griefs like shadows flee away,
 And smiles are bright again.

Oh, as you sang, what thoughts came home
 That breathed of long ago !
I ask no smiles, if thus you bid
 The sealed-up fountains flow ; —
Fain would I drown within their stream
 The grief that shades my years, —
Yield to the strain and feel once more
 A moment's bliss in tears.

WOMAN'S TEARS.

SHE wept, — as softest dews that come
Upon the floweret's vernal bloom,
One moment's space, then melt away
Beneath the morning's primal ray ;
So soft, so sweet, so pure, so brief,
So lightly passes childhood's grief.

She wept, — as falls the summer shower
On bended grass and glistening flower,
That lift their heads to heaven again
The brighter for the gentle rain ;
So laughs the lip, so lights the eye
As girlhood's fleeting tears pass by.

She wept, — as dreary rains at morn
On harvest-fields of gathered corn,
Where mirth is o'er and joy is done,
And hope is withered up and gone ;
So fell the tears that seemed to start
From woman's crushed and bleeding heart.

She wept, once more, — the wintry day
Sweeps bleak through branches stript and gray,
And frozen falls the stormy rain
From boughs that may not bud again ;
So withered Eld's last tears are shed,
Lone, — helpless, — heartless, — hopeless, —
dead !

THE OLD YEAR. — DECEMBER, 1841.

THE midnight bells are trowling,
The wintry winds are howling,
The cliff-beat surge is growling
 In thunders far away ;
And heaven and earth are sighing,
And drearily replying,
“ The old year lies a-dying,” —
 So, so they seem to say.

The angry clouds are driven
Across the scowling heaven,
In vain the stars have striven
 To show their shimmering light ;
One broad and mighty shadow
Clothes stream and hill and meadow,
And weeded like a widow
 Droops down the gloomy night.

Across the pathway shooting,
The spectral owl goes hooting,
The yelping fox is footing
 His way along the moor ;
Within the farmers' houses
The baying watch-dog rouses,
Then stretches down and drowzes,
 And dreams upon the floor.

The roosted cock, right early,
Sings out his summons cheerly,
And through the night air clearly
 The shrill notes float away ;
And, o'er the common pealing,
Comes many an answering feeling,
Till now like echo stealing
 The distant sounds decay.

The ways with snows are blocking,
Against the casement knocking
The wind makes dismal mocking,
 With gusty rise and fall ;
On creaking hinges hanging
The garden gate is banging,
And drearily are clanging
 The windows one and all.

Through crannied hovels wheezing,
The bitter wind goes breezing,
Where lie old crones half freezing,
 And dread, yet long for light ;
Within the rich man's chambers
Glow bright the cheerful embers,
And scarcely he remembers
 How goes the fearful night.

Little children, all together,
Cling closer to each other,
Nor mind the wintry weather,
 Within their bed so warm ;
The goodman has been praying,
The goodwife has been saying
" God help the traveller straying
 In such a night of storm ! "

Heap up the fire more cheerly, —
We'll hail the new-year early,
The old-one has gone fairly, —

A right good year and true !

We've had some pleasant rambles,
And merry christmas gambols,
And roses with our brambles, —

Adieu, old-year, adieu !

Here comes the new-year duly,
We'll give him welcome truly,
Come, mark the score up newly, —

Time flies apace away !

Let's meet him like a lover,
His brows with chaplets cover, —
Yet hold him for a rover,

Nor care to bid him stay !

HYMN. 11

I.

THE ocean's coral cave,
The green hill's flowery breast, —
What matter where the peaceful grave
That folds our final rest !

II.

Well sleep the countless dead,
By grove and stream and plain,
Beneath the city's thronging tread
Or solitary main.

III.

Enough for them, that Faith
The shadowy path illumines,
That Hope lights up the hour of death
And lingers round their tombs.

IV.

Yet Abraham bought the cave
By Mamre's ancient shade ;
The tomb, it was a garden grave,
In which our Lord was laid.

V.

And sweeter tears we shed,
And softer thoughts are ours,
When thus we lay the faithful dead
'Mid Nature's verdant bowers :

VI.

While every song that falls,
Each flower that decks the sod,
And every breathing air recalls
The soul to Nature's God.

VII.

For this, we make the place,
And consecrate its bound ;
For this, may every coming race
Revere and bless the ground !

SONNET.

METHOUGHT last night I saw my buried love,
Sweetest and best, on earth forever lost ;
On my uneasy couch no longer tost,
Soft as the folded pinions of a dove
Came down embracing sleep ; and then I stood
In the still court of death, at midnight's gloom,
And o'er her reared a temple for a tomb,
Alone amid the silent multitude :

Sudden the grave unrolled, — and she uprose
Radiant with more than mortal loveliness, —
Fled far the lingering pain, the deep distress,
Clasped to my heart, how sweet my soul's
repose !

Till upward through the gates of endless day
She, beckoning, slowly passed, — mine be that
heavenward way !


TO A SICK CHILD.

THEE to the hands of God, my precious child,
Not without pangs, but oh, without a care,
Safe I commit, and leave thee safely there !
Of such as thee His kingdom undefiled,
And His own word confirms thy destinies :
Heaven's seal is set upon thy fair young brow,
Heaven whispers in thy breathings soft and low,
And beams triumphant in thy starry eyes !

Go, if God wills, to claim thine infant charms,
And meet thy gentle mother's fond embrace,
Look love into her own love-speaking face,
Immortal cling to her immortal arms ;
Bend down with her before the Eternal throne, —
Pour the pure prayer for us, earth's pilgrims, sad
and lone.

I BREAK THE SHELL.

DONE is now the fiery chant,
Such as stirred the hearts of old,
Tell no more the muse's vaunt, —
Life is bought and sold !
Once the soul could hear her voice,
Once with her's the spirit swell,
Now the world is given to toys, —
And I break the shell.



Wondrous words upon her tongue
Led the world in gladness on,
And the sunlight of her song
Broke the clouds of ages gone ;
Fled away unholy things
Where her glance of glory fell ;
Now she folds her shaded wings, —
And I break the shell.

Once she swayed resistless art,
Bright with heaven's eternal gleams,
Filled the world's unworldly heart
Brimming with immortal dreams ;
Now, alas, with visions cold
Worldly thoughts and fancies dwell,
Dreaming of the sullen gold, —
And I break the shell.

Oh, what happy hearts and free,
In the world's uncareful prime,
Danced beneath the moonlit tree,
Laughed away the summer time !
How they mocked at carking care,
Loosed with song the demon's spell, —
Oh, what heavy change they wear !
And I break the shell.

Then, the glorious thoughts of yore,
Winged with accents bold and free,
Sprang from Time's resounding shore,
Soared above his howling sea !
Then the martyr clasped his stake,
Then the hero nobly fell ;
Vain, oh vain such chords to wake, —
And I break the shell.

Blaze, oh sun, in glory forth,
Glorious seek thy daily rest ;
Beam of love ! Still melt to birth
Golden through the purple west, —
Stars, that sang creation's light,
Still your burning story tell, —
Dark the world's untimely night,
And I break the shell.

Dewy eve and twilight hour,
Come, on your incessant round ;
Dreams of heaven, with every flower,
Blossom from the tufted ground !
Cry with that perpetual moan,
Oh, eternal ocean-swell !
Yet the world goes coldly on, —
And I break the shell.

NOTES

TO

LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

NOTE 1. Page 65.

If distance —

“lends enchantment to the view,”

it is equally true, that it sometimes throws exaggeration around the aspect of things. The better parts of the picture are often those which are least obvious to the public gaze. It would be unjust to conclude that many of those composing the body referred to, were not actuated by rectitude of purpose and motives which would do honor to any age. At the period when the piece was written, little of such better influence was observable; and nothing could be more dissimilar than their demeanor and the aspect of the Roman Senate, when the Gauls entered its chamber, and were awed by its majestic and silent dignity.

NOTE 2. Page 68.

"There the sage to whom was given."

FRANKLIN. The allusion is to the well-known line, —

Eripuit fulmen cælo, sceptrumque tyrannis.

The succeeding verse refers to JOHN ADAMS and his celebrated expression — "Sink or swim, — live or die," &c., and the following stanza to Mr. REID, of Pennsylvania, of whom it is related, that, while a member of Congress, in 1778, a proposition was made to him by the British Commissioners to lend himself to their views of reconciliation, offering him £10,000, and the most valuable office in the colonies; to which he replied, — "Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor; but the King of England is not rich enough to buy me."

NOTE 3. Page 69.

"Majestic stood the chief."

The allusion is, of course, to WASHINGTON.

NOTE 4. Page 70.

"Here is more than Wolfe's great soul, —"

——— It were enough

To fill th' ambition of a common man,
That Chatham's language is his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

COWPER.

NOTE 5. Page 73.

THE BALLAD OF LUTZEN.

The fields of Lutzen and Leipsic, so celebrated in the history of the present century, have been long well known as the battleground of nations. The battle, commemorated in the Ballad, was fought November 6, 1632, between the Imperial forces, amounting to 40,000 men, under the famous Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, and the army of the Protestant League, consisting of no more than 27,000, commanded by Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, so often alluded to by ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty, in the Legend of Montrose. He was aided by the forces of Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a prince well worthy of so illustrious an alliance, and certain Scottish auxiliaries. The details of the battle are exceedingly interesting and affecting. The religious exercises were carried on by the king in person, he himself commencing the psalm; and the expression attributed to him in the text was made use of as he gave the word to advance upon the foe. Repeatedly wounded, he was at length struck down as he was leading a rapid and gallant charge, towards the close of the action, and his troop sweeping by, unconscious of their loss, he was left with no attendant but a youthful page, named Lubeling, who supported in his arms his dying master. A body of the hostile cavalry, coming up, inquired who he was. "This morning," said he, "I was King of Sweden." Misunderstanding him, perhaps, at the moment, both he and the page were instantly slain.

To the mere politician, or one who is struck by the amount of the numbers engaged and the dazzling circumstances of modern warfare, the more recent battle fought upon this ground may seem most important in its consequences. Others, however, may reflect that this most brilliant and chivalrous engagement, following as it did upon the still more decisive victory of Leipsic, animated the Protestant cause with new hope and courage, and opened the way to the settlement of the privileges of the Protestant Churches upon a firm basis, finally accorded to them at the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648.

NOTE 6. Page 78.

— “*Tilly's cruel Word.*”

“His most celebrated exploit is the bloody sack of Magdeburg, May 10, 1631; and history has few pages so black as those on which the atrocities of Isolani's Croats and Pappenheim's Walloons are recorded. Some officers, at length, implored Tilly to put a stop to the horrible outrages. He coldly replied, ‘Come back within an hour and I will see what can be done. The soldier ought to have some reward for his labors and dangers.’” Tilly was himself soon after slain at the battle of Leipsic, and the army of the Catholic League, under his command, completely defeated by Gustavus.

NOTE 7. Page 86.

BLOODY BROOK.

September 18th, 1674, Capt. Lathrop with a number of teams and eighty young men, “the flower of Essex County,” went to

bring a quantity of grain from Deerfield; on their return, they stopped to gather grapes at the place afterwards known as "Bloody Brook." They were assailed by a body of Indians amounting to seven or eight hundred, who were lying in wait for their approach. A brief but desperate conflict took place. Seventy of the young men were slain and afterwards buried in one grave. "Never had the country seen such a bloody hour." It is said there was scarcely a family in Essex which did not feel the blow.

NOTE 8. Page 118.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL HYMN.

Sung at the celebration of the obsequies of President HARRISON.

NOTE 9. Page 125.

HYMN.

Sung at Boston, at the Triennial Festival of the "Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association," 1839.

NOTE 10. Page 129.

TO THE ENGLISH FLAG.

A "retort courteous" to the following epigram, which went the rounds of our newspapers, some time since, under the name of THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.:

"United States! your banner wears
Two emblems; one of fame;
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!"

The white man's liberty in types
Stands blazoned by your stars —
But what's the meaning of your stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars."

" ' *Meteor* ' light."

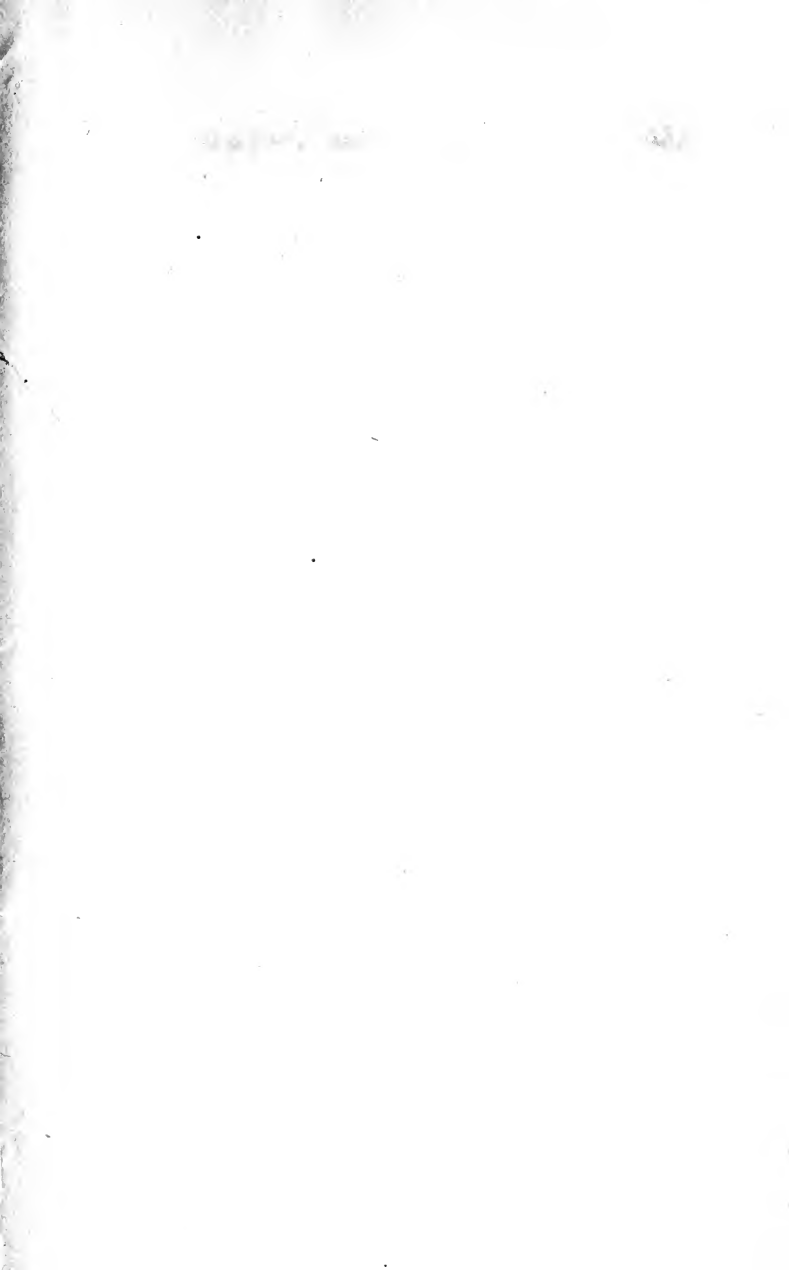
"The meteor flag of England," &c.

CAMPBELL.

NOTE 11. Page 143.

HYMN.

Sung at the consecration of "OAK-HILL CEMETERY," near
Newburyport, July 21, 1842.



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